GOLD KEY

TWILIGHT ZONE

ROD SERLING

1

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

10016-703
MARCH

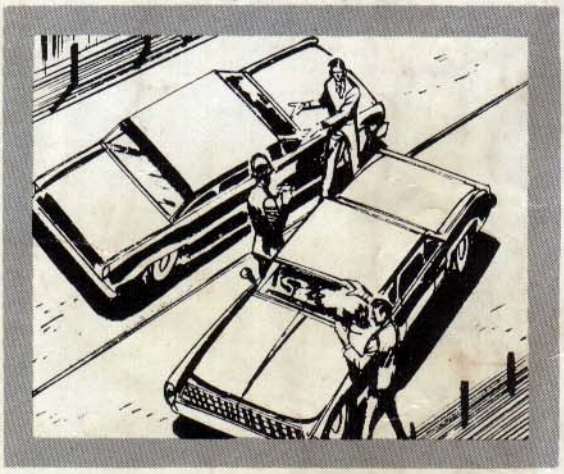
A SCIENTIST VANISHES MYSTERIOUSLY WHEN HE EXPERIMENTS WITH A FORBIDDEN CARGO!

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

THE PHANTOM BULLETS

In April, 1952, a strange explosion shatters the windshield of a truck driving past the town of Esher, England.

The driver searches the area. About him there are only open fields, with no hiding places for a hidden assailant.

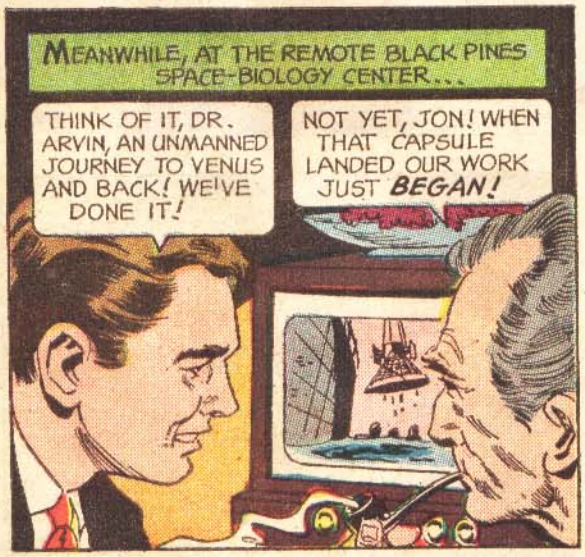


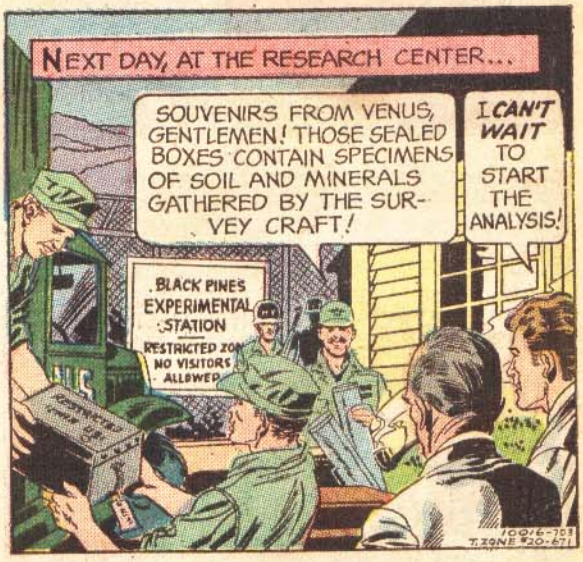
But in the following months the Esher area is troubled by an unexplained plague of shattered windshields.

Soon the explosions occur in the town itself. Shop and tavern windows are mysteriously shattered in broad daylight.

The police suspect a crank rifleman, but no bullets or other missiles are ever found. What caused the weird explosions?

THE TWILIGHT ZONE
THE PLAGUE
U.S. SPACE AUTHORITY
THIS IS PATHFINDER! MONTHS AGO THIS COMPLETELY AUTOMATED CAPSULE BLASTED OFF TO MAKE A SURVEY OF THE PLANET VENUS! NOW SHE HAS RETURNED...CARRYING A FANTASTIC CARGO OF TERROR AND DEATH!
PATHFINDER


MEANWHILE, AT THE REMOTE BLACK PINES SPACE-BIOLOGY CENTER...
THINK OF IT, DR. ARVIN, AN UNMANNED JOURNEY TO VENUS AND BACK! WE'VE DONE IT!
NOT YET, JON! WHEN THAT CAPSULE LANDED OUR WORK JUST BEGAN!


NEXT DAY, AT THE RESEARCH CENTER...
SOUVENIRS FROM VENUS, GENTLEMEN! THOSE SEALED BOXES CONTAIN SPECIMENS OF SOIL AND MINERALS GATHERED BY THE SURVEY CRAFT!
I CAN'T WAIT TO START THE ANALYSIS!
BLACK PINES EXPERIMENTAL STATION
RESTRICTED ZONE NO VISITORS ALLOWED

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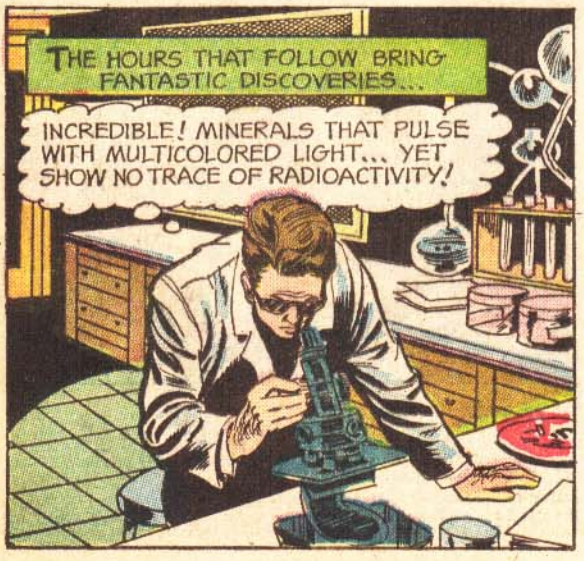
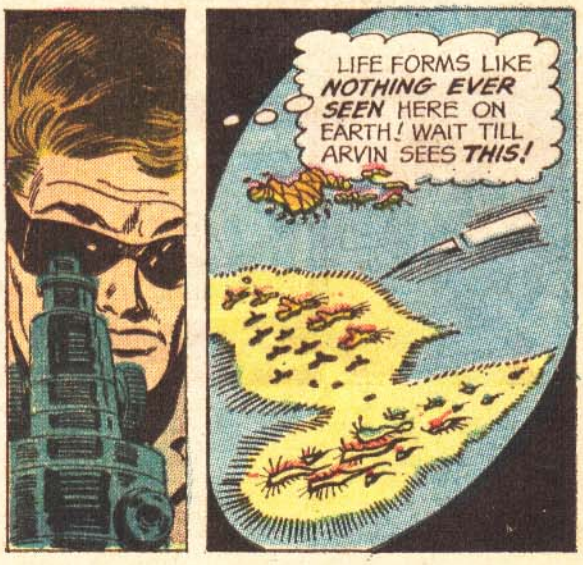
CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

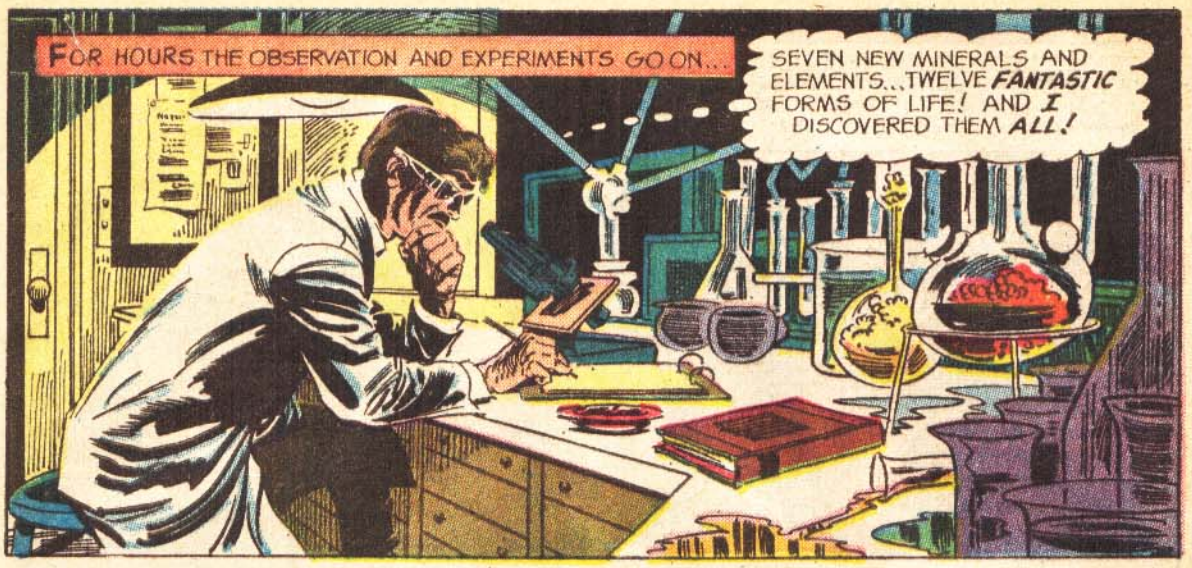
WE'LL HAVE TO DELAY OUR EXPERIMENTS UNTIL I FINISH CHECKING OUT THESE PROTECTIVE SUITS, JON! WE CAN START TOMORROW!
BUT DOCTOR, AREN'T YOU BEING OVER-CAUTIOUS?

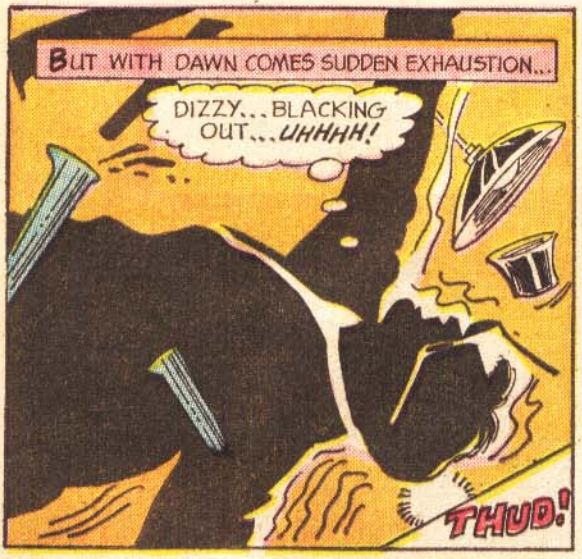
JON, VENUS'S ENVIRONMENT IS COMPLETELY DIFFERENT FROM OURS! THOSE SOIL CORES MAY CONTAIN HIGHLY DANGEROUS LIFE FORMS! WE NEED THE PROTECTION OF THOSE PLASTIC COVERALLS WHEN WE HANDLE THE SPECIMENS!
VERY WELL, DOCTOR!

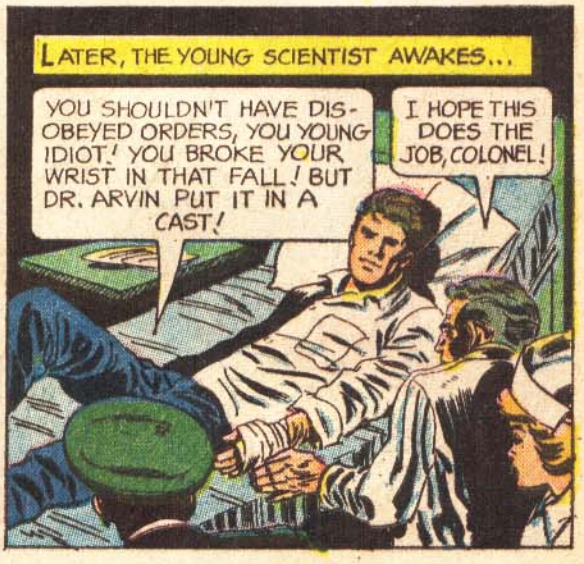
THAT NIGHT, A FURTIVE FIGURE SLIPS INTO THE LABORATORY...
ARVIN DIDN'T FOOL ME FOR A MINUTE! HE PLANS TO ANALYZE THOSE SPECIMENS HIMSELF... AND HOG THE CREDIT FOR MAKING ANY NEW DISCOVERIES... WELL, I CAN PLAY THAT GAME, TOO!


THE HOURS THAT FOLLOW BRING FANTASTIC DISCOVERIES...
INCREDIBLE! MINERALS THAT PULSE WITH MULTICOLORED LIGHT... YET SHOW NO TRACE OF RADIOACTIVITY!


LIFE FORMS LIKE NOTHING EVER SEEN HERE ON EARTH! WAIT TILL ARVIN SEES THIS!


FOR HOURS THE OBSERVATION AND EXPERIMENTS GO ON...
SEVEN NEW MINERALS AND ELEMENTS...TWELVE FANTASTIC FORMS OF LIFE! AND I DISCOVERED THEM ALL!


BUT WITH DAWN COMES SUDDEN EXHAUSTION...
DIZZY...BLACKING OUT...UHHHH!
THUD!


LATER, THE YOUNG SCIENTIST AWAKES...
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DISOBEYED ORDERS, YOU YOUNG IDIOT! YOU BROKE YOUR WRIST IN THAT FALL! BUT DR. ARVIN PUT IT IN A CAST!
I HOPE THIS DOES THE JOB, COLONEL!

I'M WORRIED ABOUT YOUNG JON! HIS REACTIONS AREN'T QUITE NORMAL! I WANT SOMEONE TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIM!
I'VE DETAILED SGT. KENNY TO STAND GUARD!
INFIRMARY

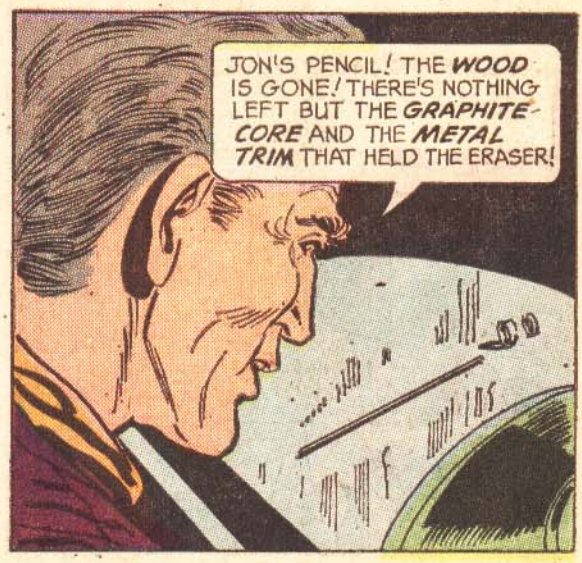
BUT THAT NIGHT...
DOCTOR, QUICK! YOUR ASSISTANT... HE'S GONE! SOMEHOW HE GOT OUT OF THE INFIRMARY!
I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU, SERGEANT!

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT JON'S NYLON PAJAMAS... HIS WRISTWATCH AND HIS GLASSES! IT'S AS IF HIS BODY VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!
AND I SAY IT'S SOME CHILDISH GAG HE'S TRYING TO PULL!

A GAG? THEN HOW COULD JON HAVE SLIPPED OUT OF THIS PLASTER CAST WITHOUT BREAKING IT?

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT, BUT HE'S GONE! AND WHAT'S MORE HE HAD TOP SECRET INFORMATION ABOUT OUR VENUS SURVEY! SUPPOSE HE'S A DEFECTOR?
COME ON, WE'LL LOCK UP HIS NOTES!

BUT IN THE LAB...
HIS NOTES... THEY'RE GONE! I TELL YOU HE WAS A SPY, A TRAITOR!
I'M NOT SURE THAT'S THE ANSWER! LOOK HERE, COLONEL!


JON'S PENCIL! THE WOOD IS GONE! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT THE GRAPHITE CORE AND THE METAL TRIM THAT HELD THE ERASER!

FIRST JON VANISHES... THEN HIS NOTES...AND PART OF HIS PENCIL! I DON'T LIKE THIS, DOCTOR!
NEITHER DO I, COLONEL! UNTIL WE GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS, I SUGGEST NO ONE ENTER THIS LAB WITHOUT A PROTECTIVE PLASTIC COVERALL!
LATER THAT DAY...
I SAID THAT NO ONE WAS TO ENTER THIS LAB WHILE I'M CONDUCTING THESE EXPERIMENTS!
BUT THIS IS URGENT, SIR! THE COLONEL WANTS TO SEE YOU AT ONCE!
MOMENTS LATER...
IN HEAVEN'S NAME! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
THE INFIRMARY! IT'S CRUMBLING... FALLING APART BEFORE OUR EYES!
RUMM
MMBLE
THE WOODEN WALLS... THE BEAMS... THEY'RE TURNING TO DUST!
DOC, I TELL YOU WE'RE SEEING THINGS!
NOW EVEN THE DUST IS DISAPPEARING! THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT THE METAL BEDS AND THE STONEWORK! DOC, YOU'RE A SCIENTIST! WHAT GOES ON?
I'M AFRAID TO GUESS! A FEW MORE EXPERIMENTS MAY GIVE ME THE ANSWER!

NEXT DAY, AT AN EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE STAFF...
GENTLEMEN, I BELIEVE I HAVE THE SOLUTION TO THESE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCES! IT ALL ORIGINATED WITH SOME VIRUS OR SPORE BROUGHT TO EARTH IN THE VENUS SOIL SAMPLES!

THE SPORE OR VIRUS WAS PROBABLY HARMLESS ON ITS OWN PLANET! BUT HERE ON EARTH IT ADAPTED ITSELF TO FEED ON LIVING MATTER, AND ITS DERIVATIVES!
YOU CAN PROVE THIS, DOCTOR?

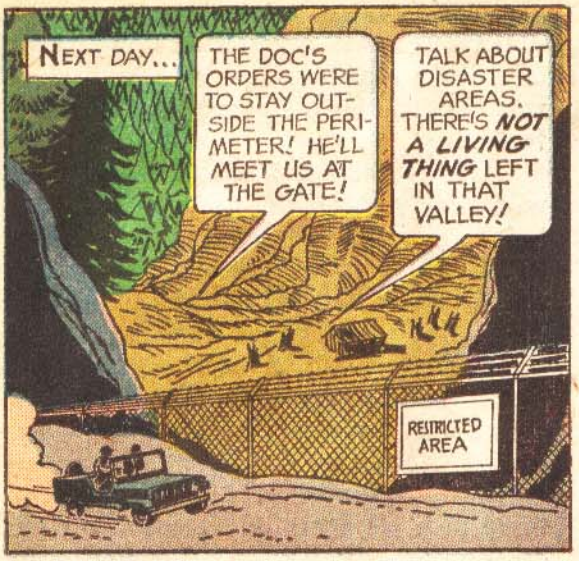
FRANKLY, I'M GUESSING! BUT ADD IT ALL UP! FLESH LEATHER, WOOL, COTTON, WOOD... ALL THESE ORGANIC SUBSTANCES VANISHED! IN EACH CASE NOTHING WAS LEFT BUT OBJECTS MADE OF METAL, PLASTIC AND STONE!

THIS UNKNOWN ORGANISM WHICH CAUSES THESE STRANGE EFFECTS FIRST INFECTED MY ASSISTANT, JON CORTS AND...
YOU MEAN THERE'S A BUG THAT CAN MAKE THINGS, EVEN PEOPLE, DISAPPEAR WITHOUT A TRACE! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

AS THE MEETING BREAKS UP...
EXCUSE ME, COLONEL! IT'S SGT. KENNY! WE CAN'T LOCATE HIM ANYWHERE!
KENNY? BUT HE'S ONE OF MY MOST RELIABLE MEN!

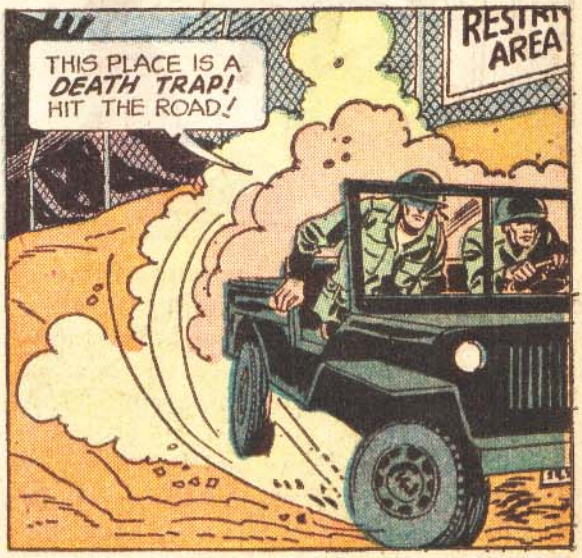
KENNY? HE WAS THE MAN WHO WAS GUARDING JON AT THE INFIRMARY!
THE KID MUST HAVE HEARD ABOUT THAT FOOL VIRUS THEORY OF YOURS! IT PROBABLY SCARED HIM INTO GOING AWOL!
A STUNNED MOMENT LATER...
LOOK...KENNY? OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM!
DEAR HEAVEN! NOTHING BUT A FEW PIECES OF METAL AND PLASTIC!
SOON, AS AN EMERGENCY CALL GOES THROUGH TO THE PENTAGON...
NO, GENERAL! I'M NOT HYSTERICAL! IT'S A PLAGUE, I TELL YOU... A PLAGUE FROM SPACE THAT COULD WIPE OUT LIFE ON THIS PLANET!
VERY WELL, DOCTOR, WE'LL SEND AN INSPECTION TEAM AT ONCE!
NO! VISITORS WOULD SPREAD THE CONTAGION! WE'LL HAVE TO QUARANTINE OURSELVES!
ALL RIGHT! BUT WITHOUT HELP THAT PESTILENCE COULD WIPE OUT YOUR SMALL STAFF IN NO TIME!
I'LL TRY TO ISOLATE THAT VIRUS AND FIND THE CURE MYSELF, GENERAL!
YOU'RE OUR COUNTRY'S TOP MICRO-BIOLOGIST, DOCTOR! I KNOW WE CAN DEPEND ON YOU! GOOD LUCK!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, DR. ARVIN WORKS AT A DESPERATE PACE...
ANOTHER FAILURE! TIME! I NEED MORE TIME!
BUT DAY AFTER DAY THE WEIRD SCOURGE TAKES ITS TOLL...
THERE GOES OUR LAST STOREROOM, COLONEL! ONLY TWO MORE BUILDINGS LEFT!
IT'S SPREADING TO THE TREES AND GREENERY!
RUMMBLE
AND EACH MORNING IN THE BARRACKS...
WE LOST CASEY AND MAPLES LAST NIGHT, SIR! GONE WITHOUT A TRACE!
JUST YOU, ME AND THE DOCTOR LEFT NOW! WE HAVEN'T A PRAYER AGAINST THIS GHASTLY PESTILENCE!
THEN, GRIMLY, INEVITABLY.
COLONEL, I'VE GOT IT! I—THE COLONEL! IT FINALLY GOT HIM TOO! BEAT THAT MURDERING BUG!
AT LAST, THE TRIUMPHANT MOMENT!
I'VE DONE IT, GENERAL! I'VE ISOLATED THAT CURSED VIRUS AND FOUND THE CURE!
CONGRATULATIONS, DOCTOR! WE'RE SENDING A RECONNAISSANCE PARTY TO CONTACT YOU AT ONCE!


NEXT DAY...
THE DOC'S ORDERS WERE TO STAY OUTSIDE THE PERIMETER! HE'LL MEET US AT THE GATE!
TALK ABOUT DISASTER AREAS. THERE'S NOT A LIVING THING LEFT IN THAT VALLEY!
RESTRICTED AREA

NO SIGN OF THE DOC ANYWHERE!
LOOK... THERE!

ARVIN'S PROTECTIVE SUIT...THAT BLASTED BUG MUST HAVE GOT HIM WHILE HE WAS WAITING FOR US!
THEN HE NEVER REALLY FOUND THE CURE FOR THAT PLAGUE!


THIS PLACE IS A DEATH TRAP! HIT THE ROAD!

QUARANTINED AREA
KEEP OUT
VIOLATORS SHOT ON SIGHT!
WEEKS HAVE PASSED! THEY KEEP MOVING THE GUARD-FENCE OUTWARD! DOCTORS, RESEARCHERS ARE WORKING AROUND THE CLOCK! WILL THEY EVER FIND A WAY TO STOP THE PLAGUE? THE ANSWER LIES SOMEWHERE IN THAT DIM AREA OF THE FUTURE, BEYOND THE BORDERS OF THE TWILIGHT ZONE!

The Wonderful Lulu Hurst

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In the summer of 1883 swarms of travelers were flocking to Cedartown, Tennessee. There, in a local meeting hall astonished crowds were watching incredible feats being performed by 14-year-old Lulu Hurst.

The amazed audience watched in awe as the child sent a husky man tumbling from the stage by merely touching her hand to an umbrella which he held.

To top this, the fantastic girl hurled three men into the orchestra by the same weird method . . . the mere touch of her palm against a wooden cane which the three men held. For more than an hour the delicately built girl performed unbelievable feats of strength.

Within weeks Lulu Hurst was making public appearances across the nation, one of the most sensational attractions on the American stage.

According to Lulu, her weird powers began during a violent thunderstorm. Soon afterward Lulu's bedroom became the haunt of a mysterious "poltergeist," a mysterious, unseen force which popped her bed pillows and rapped the ceilings and walls of her room.

Immediately afterward, as Lulu handed a chair to a visiting relative, the woman was flung across the room by some weird force.

Four men seized the chair. It gyrated wildly and twisted itself into pieces. Hysterical, Lulu fled the house.

But with the passing weeks, the girl began to enjoy her new powers. Once she began to perform on the public stage, she began adding to her act. She would merely touch two fingers to a billiard cue, and two strong men could not force the tip of the cue to touch the floor. Before cheering crowds she would finish her act by having three men sit on a chair, one atop the other. Then, barely touching her open palms to the back of the chair, Lulu would raise the chair and the men above the stage for long minutes.

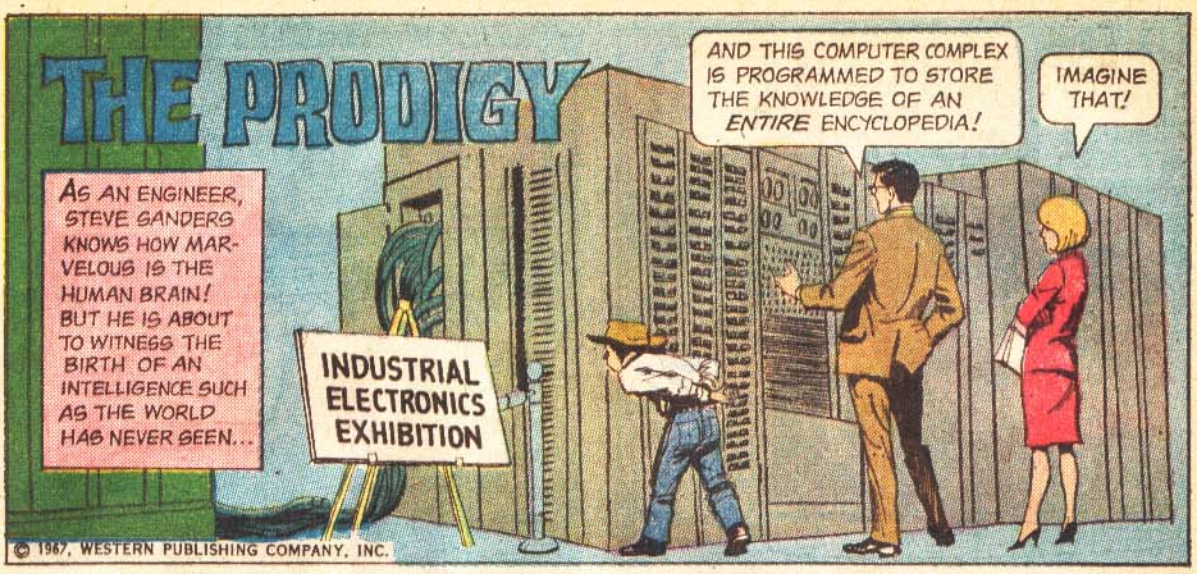
Skeptical scientists suspected trickery. Time and again Lulu was invited to perform before doctors, and at medical colleges. No one ever found evidence of fraud.

Tested in the laboratory of Alexander Graham Bell, Lulu stood on a scale platform and then used her uncanny abilities to hoist a 200-pound man seated in a chair. When the scientists checked the scale they were stunned to see that only the weight of the man was registered. At the moment of her performance, Lulu seemed to weigh nothing at all.

When questioned, the girl said she knew nothing about her powers, or where they came from. In New York the big city audiences saw her defeat the most muscular members of the New York Athletic Club.

In 1885, at the height of her career, Lulu "retired," after only two years of public performances. She gave several reasons for her retirement, all of them vague and unconvincing. But she never used her powers in public again.

The record of Lulu's feats is found in newspapers of the day. No scientist of her day or ours can explain her incredible powers. We can only guess at the unknown forces which operated through the quiet, gentle girl called "The Wonderful Lulu Hurst."


THE PRODIGY
AS AN ENGINEER, STEVE SANDERS KNOWS HOW MARVELOUS IS THE HUMAN BRAIN! BUT HE IS ABOUT TO WITNESS THE BIRTH OF AN INTELLIGENCE SUCH AS THE WORLD HAS NEVER SEEN...
INDUSTRIAL ELECTRONICS EXHIBITION
AND THIS COMPUTER COMPLEX IS PROGRAMMED TO STORE THE KNOWLEDGE OF AN ENTIRE ENCYCLOPEDIA!
IMAGINE THAT!
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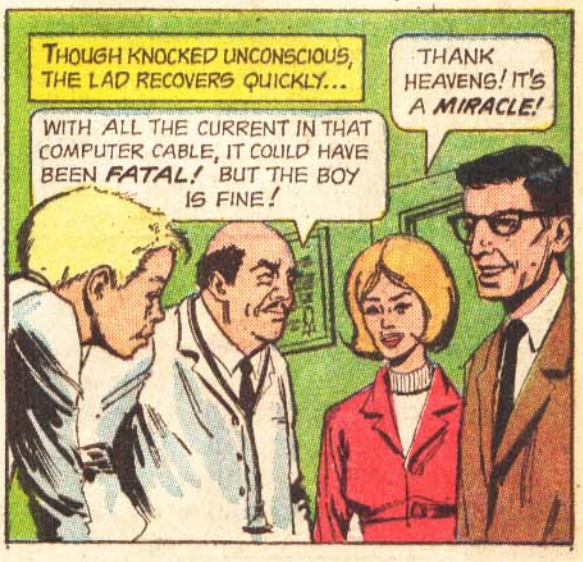
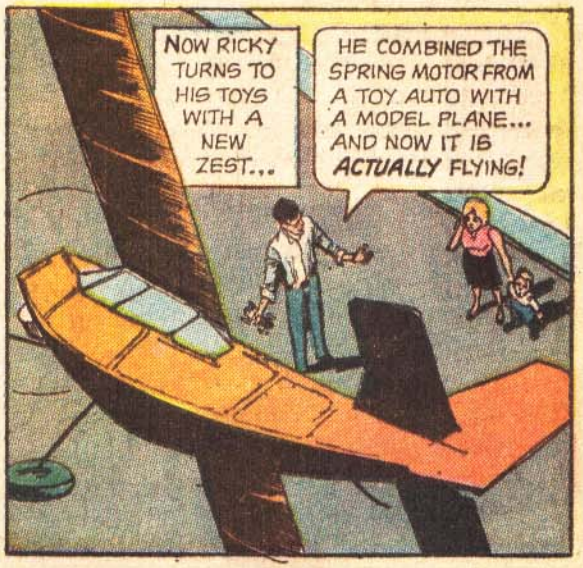
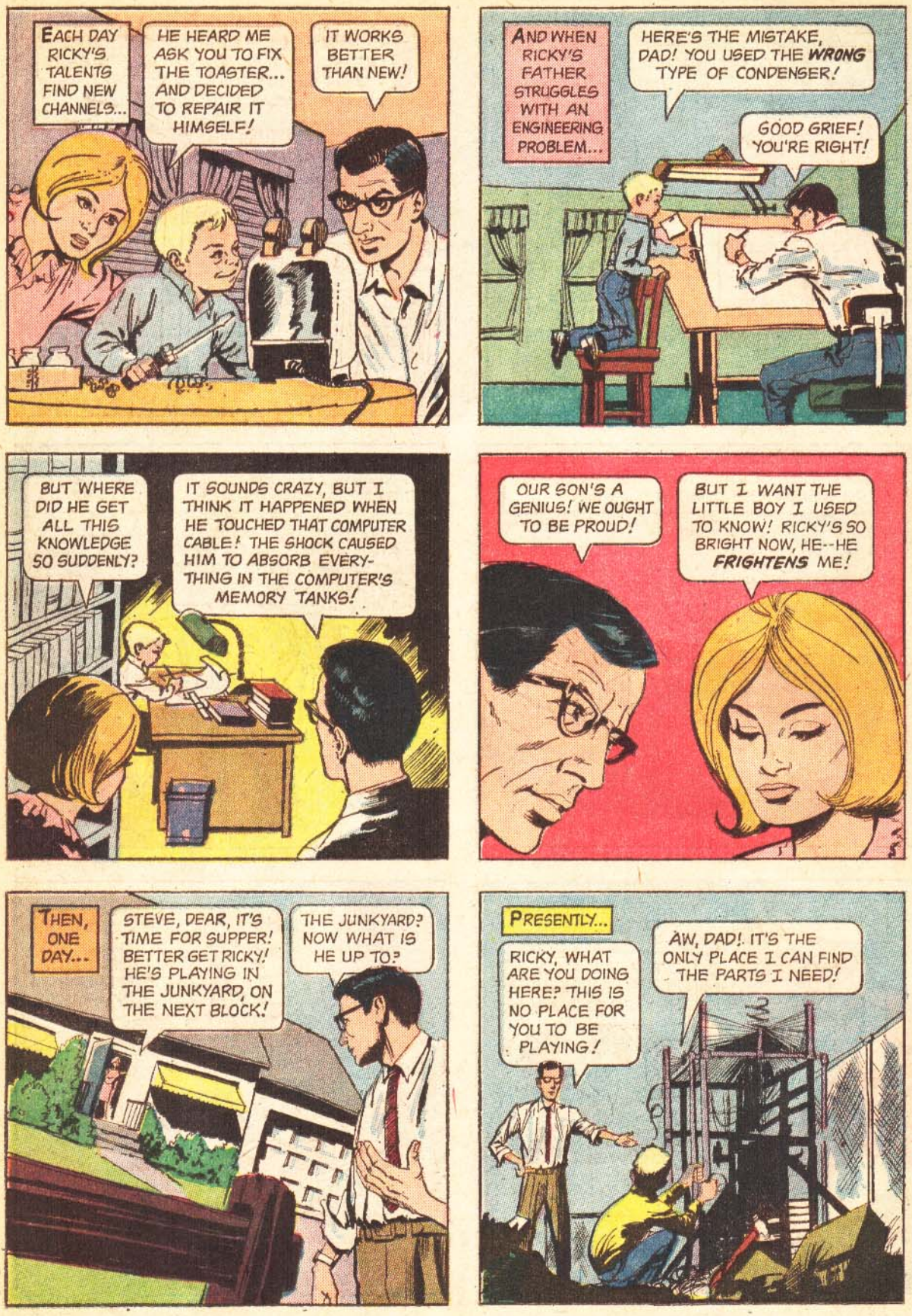

THOUGH KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS, THE LAD RECOVERS QUICKLY...
WITH ALL THE CURRENT IN THAT COMPUTER CABLE, IT COULD HAVE BEEN FATAL! BUT THE BOY IS FINE!
THANK HEAVENS! IT'S A MIRACLE!

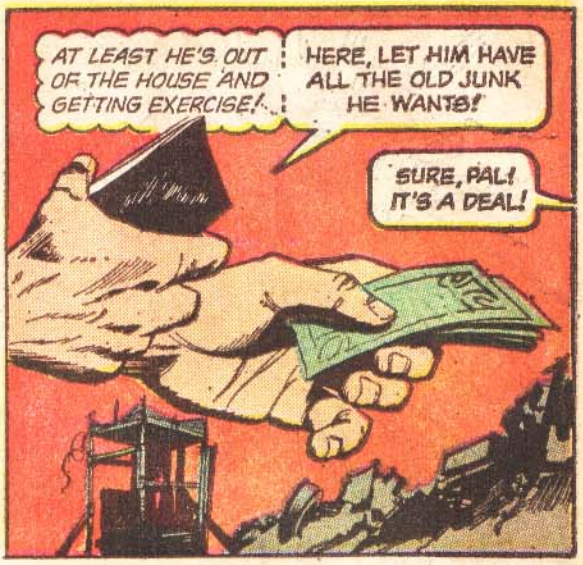
BUT THE NEXT FEW DAYS SEE THE START OF YET ANOTHER MIRACLE...
I TELL YOU RICKY ACTUALLY TAUGHT HIMSELF TO READ!
BUT, DEAR, HE'S READING THE ENCYCLOPEDIA! IT'S INCREDIBLE!

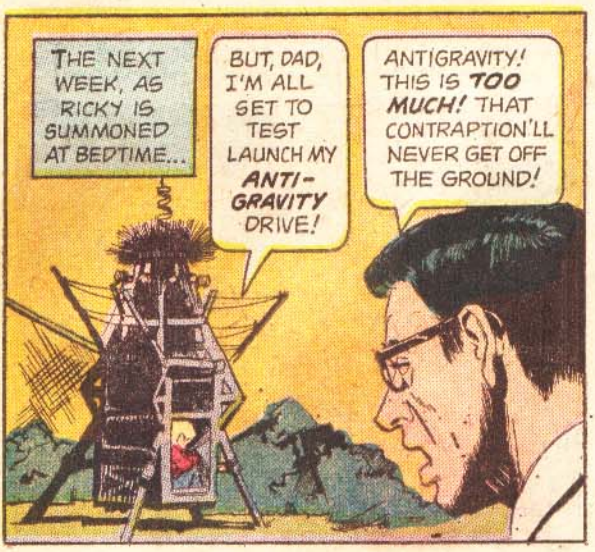

NOW RICKY TURNS TO HIS TOYS WITH A NEW ZEST...
HE COMBINED THE SPRING MOTOR FROM A TOY AUTO WITH A MODEL PLANE... AND NOW IT IS ACTUALLY FLYING!

OldWaynes #354


EACH DAY RICKY'S TALENTS FIND NEW CHANNELS...
HE HEARD ME ASK YOU TO FIX THE TOASTER... AND DECIDED TO REPAIR IT HIMSELF!
IT WORKS BETTER THAN NEW!
AND WHEN RICKY'S FATHER STRUGGLES WITH AN ENGINEERING PROBLEM...
HERE'S THE MISTAKE, DAD! YOU USED THE WRONG TYPE OF CONDENSER!
GOOD GRIEF! YOU'RE RIGHT!
BUT WHERE DID HE GET ALL THIS KNOWLEDGE SO SUDDENLY?
IT SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT I THINK IT HAPPENED WHEN HE TOUCHED THAT COMPUTER CABLE! THE SHOCK CAUSED HIM TO ABSORB EVERY-THING IN THE COMPUTER'S MEMORY TANKS!
OUR SON'S A GENIUS! WE OUGHT TO BE PROUD!
BUT I WANT THE LITTLE BOY I USED TO KNOW! RICKY'S SO BRIGHT NOW, HE--HE FRIGHTENS ME!
THEN, ONE DAY...
STEVE, DEAR, IT'S TIME FOR SUPPER! BETTER GET RICKY! HE'S PLAYING IN THE JUNKYARD, ON THE NEXT BLOCK!
THE JUNKYARD? NOW WHAT IS HE UP TO?
PRESENTLY...
RICKY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? THIS IS NO PLACE FOR YOU TO BE PLAYING!
AW, DAD!. IT'S THE ONLY PLACE I CAN FIND THE PARTS I NEED!

HE MUST BE A LOT OF TROUBLE! I'LL SEE THAT HE DOESN'T COME BACK!
AW, THE KID'S NO BOTHER! BUT FOR A BOY HIS AGE, HE SURE SEEMS TO KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING!


AT LEAST HE'S OUT OF THE HOUSE AND GETTING EXERCISE!
HERE, LET HIM HAVE ALL THE OLD JUNK HE WANTS!
SURE, PAL! IT'S A DEAL!


THE NEXT WEEK, AS RICKY IS SUMMONED AT BEDTIME...
BUT, DAD, I'M ALL SET TO TEST LAUNCH MY ANTI-GRAVITY DRIVE!
ANTIGRAVITY! THIS IS TOO MUCH! THAT CONTRAPTION'LL NEVER GET OFF THE GROUND!

SUDDENLY, AS THE BOY TOUCHES A SWITCH...
IT WON'T, HUH? SEE!
GOOD GRIEF! IT IS RISING... GOING STRAIGHT UP!

RICKY! THE POWER LINES! WATCH OUT! RICKY!!

ZAAAP!
RICKY! DEAR HEAVEN, NO!
PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T LET IT HAPPEN! HE CAN'T BE...HE MUSTN'T BE HURT!
KRASHH!
AND ONCE AGAIN A MIRACLE...
HE'S OKAY... AND NOT A SCRATCH!
RICKY... I FORBID YOU EVER TO FOOL AROUND WITH THAT ANTIGRAVITY GADGET AGAIN!
ANTI-GR-GRAVITY? WHAT'S THAT, DAD?
GREAT SCOTT! HAS THE SHOCK BRAINWASHED HIM?
YES, THAT SEARING FLASH ERASED THE VAST KNOWLEDGE OF THE PRODIGY'S MAGNIFICENT BRAIN...
JUST THINK, HIS SUPER-MENTALITY COULD HAVE CHANGED THE WORLD!
THE WORLD LOST A GENIUS, BUT WE HAVE OUR LITTLE BOY BACK AGAIN!

BUT THIS CAN'T HAPPEN! IT'S NOT AUGUST 15TH!
ROBERT HASTINGS TRIED TO CREATE HIS OWN TWILIGHT ZONE-- IN WHICH THERE WAS NO AUGUST 15TH! BUT HE FOUND THAT WHATEVER YOU DO, YOU CAN'T DO AWAY WITH THE DAY OF YOUR FATE!
THE TWILIGHT ZONE
THE DAY THAT COULDN'T GET LOST

A FEW YEARS AGO YOU READ MY HOROSCOPE, REMEMBER? WELL, I FOLLOWED YOUR ADVICE AND HAD NOTHING BUT SUCCESS WITH IT!
AND WHY HAVE YOU COME BACK NOW, MR. HASTINGS?

I SEEM TO HAVE LOST THE TOUCH RECENTLY! MAYBE THE STARS CAN TELL YOU WHAT I'M DOING WRONG!

YOUR PLANETARY INFLUENCES COULDN'T BE WORSE! YOUR LUCK HAS ENDED! I'M SORRY, THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU!
THAT CAN'T BE ALL! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING I CAN DO!

YOU'RE NOT TELLING ME EVERYTHING! I CAN SEE IT IN YOUR FACE!
MR. HASTINGS, PLEASE! I'LL TELL YOU -- BUT YOU'D BE BETTER OFF NOT KNOWING!

YOUR LIFE WILL END VERY SOON--ON AUG 15TH EXACTLY! NOT AUGUST 14TH, NOT AUGUST 16TH, BUT ON AUGUST 15TH OF THIS YEAR!
WHAT!
LOOK, HERE'S A SMALL FORTUNE! JUST TELL ME HOW TO BEAT THIS THING!
YOU CAN'T BUY THE THE STARS, MR. HASTINGS! WHAT IS WRITTEN UP THERE CANNOT BE ERASED! JUST ENJOY WHAT YOU HAVE LEFT OF LIFE!
BUT HASTINGS CANNOT ENJOY HIS FINAL DAYS! DESPERATELY, HE WRACKS HIS BRAINS FOR A MEANS OF CHEATING FATE...
IF ONLY I COULD FIND SOME WAY TO ELIMINATE AUGUST 15TH!
I'VE GOT THE ANSWER! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE?
THE NEXT MORNING...
BUT, SIR! WE'RE NOT OPEN YET!
YOU ARE NOW! GIVE ME EVERY BOOK YOU HAVE ON NAVIGATION! AND HURRY!

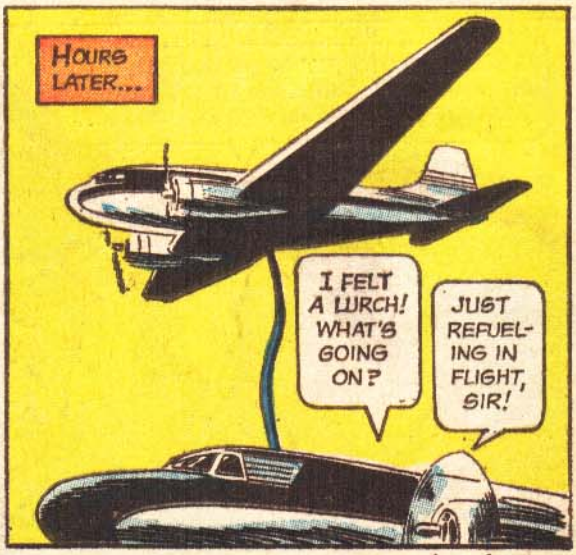
I WAS RIGHT! AND I'VE GOT A WHOLE WEEK LEFT TO BEAT THAT HOROSCOPE!
POINTS OF NAVIGATION
NAVIGATION
The Book of NAVIGATION
I TELL YOU I WANT A PROP PLANE, A PILOT AND A NAVIGATOR ALL FOR MYSELF!
BUT, SIR! THIS IS MOST UNUSUAL!
AIRLINES
OF COURSE, SIR! I'LL CHARTER YOU OUR BEST PROPELLER PLANE IMMEDIATELY! AND OUR BEST PILOT AND NAVIGATOR TO HANDLE IT!
I WANT YOU TO FLY ME TO HONOLULU! THEN I WANT YOU TO FLY ME TO THE INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE. YOU'VE GOT TO GET TO THAT DATELINE BEFORE MIDNIGHT OF AUGUST 14TH!
I WANT YOU TO FLY ME DOWN THE INTERNATIONAL DATELINE FOR 24 HOURS, WITHOUT DEVIATING A FOOT! CAN YOU DO IT?
EASY! WE CAN REFUEL IN THE AIR, RIGHT ON THE LINE! THERE'S SOME DANGER, OF COURSE!

SEVERAL HOURS WEST OF HONOLULU, LATE ON THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 14TH...
WE'RE APPROACHING THE INTERNATIONAL DATELINE NOW, SIR! WE'LL BE SMACK ON IT AT 11:30 P.M. HONOLULU TIME!
AND MAKE SURE THAT NAVIGATOR STAYS ON IT--LIKE GLUE!

HE'S PROBABLY THE BEST NAVIGATOR IN THE WORLD, MR. HASTINGS!
SHOULDN'T YOU BE UP FRONT WITH HIM?

I HAVE HER ON AUTOMATIC CONTROL, SIR! WHY DO YOU WANT TO FLY DOWN THE DATE LINE FOR 24 HOURS?

BECAUSE I WANT TO LOSE AUGUST 15TH! IN A FEW MINUTES IT WILL BE AUGUST 15TH EAST OF HERE! WEST OF HERE IT WILL BE AUGUST 16TH! IN 24 HOURS IT WON'T BE AUGUST 15TH ANYWHERE!

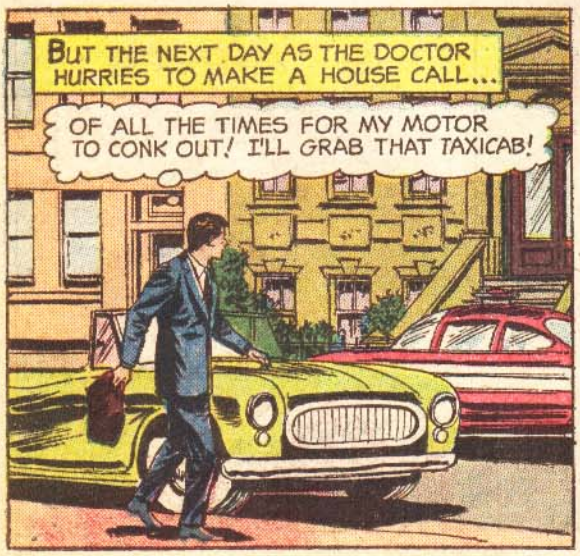

HOURS LATER...
I FELT A LURCH! WHAT'S GOING ON?
JUST REFUELING IN FLIGHT, SIR!

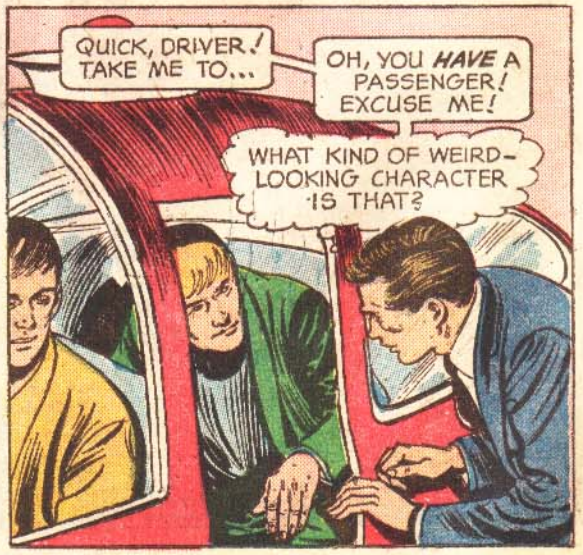
GET UP, NAVIGATOR! I WANT TO MAKE SURE YOUR COURSE IS RIGHT ON THE DATE LINE!
YOU'RE THE BOSS!
SAY, WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT AUGUST 15TH ANYWAY, MR. HASTINGS?
BECAUSE-- THAT'S THE DAY I DIE!
QUIET! I DON'T WANT ANY ACCIDENTS TAKING THAT GASOLINE ABOARD!
WE'RE ON FIRE!
I CAN'T DIE! IT ISN'T AUGUST 15TH!
YOU FOOL! I KEPT YOU RIGHT ON THE DATELINE! BUT YOU HAD TO TAKE MY SEAT-- ON THE AUGUST 15TH SIDE OF THE PLANE!
A CLEVER AND ELABORATE PLAN, DESIGNED TO OBLITERATE ONE ENTIRE DAY! DID THE PLAN BACKFIRE TO CAUSE ROBERT HASTINGS' DEATH, OR WAS THAT ALREADY DETERMINED BY AN INFLEXIBLE FATE? THE ANSWER LIES SOMEWHERE IN THE TWILIGHT ZONE!

THE TWILIGHT ZONE
THE PORTAL
DR. MARK SLOAN HAS ALWAYS CONSIDERED REGAL LANE TO BE A QUIET DIGNIFIED DEAD-END STREET! BUT THIS ILLUSION IS ABOUT TO BE SHATTERED... FOREVER!
HEY! WATCH IT!
SCREECH!

THAT WEIRD-LOOKING CAB SEEMED TO COME OUT OF NOWHERE! JUST AS I THOUGHT...HE'S STOPPING IN FRONT OF THAT BROWNSTONE MANSION!

THAT MANSION GETS MORE TRAFFIC THAN GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL! IT MUST BE SOME KIND OF PRIVATE CLUB!

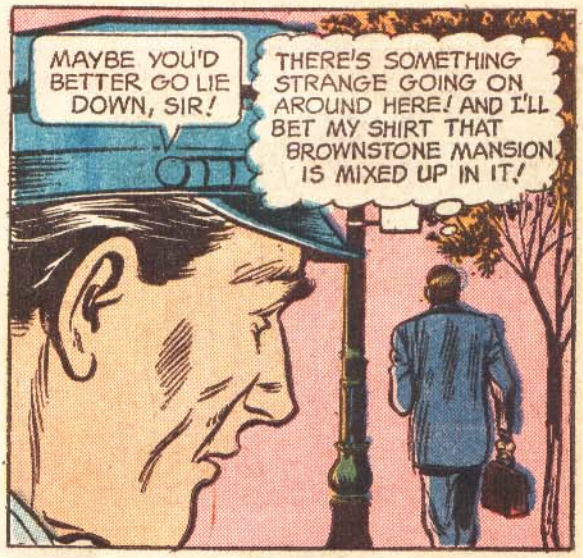

BUT THE NEXT DAY AS THE DOCTOR HURRIES TO MAKE A HOUSE CALL...
OF ALL THE TIMES FOR MY MOTOR TO CONK OUT! I'LL GRAB THAT TAXICAB!


QUICK, DRIVER! TAKE ME TO...
OH, YOU HAVE A PASSENGER! EXCUSE ME!
WHAT KIND OF WEIRD-LOOKING CHARACTER IS THAT?

THEN, SUDDENLY... A BLINDING FLARE OF LIGHT...
EEEYAH! MY EYES!

SECONDS LATER AS SLOAN STAGGERS TO THE SIDEWALK...
ANYTHING WRONG, MISTER?
THERE CERTAINLY IS, OFFICER! I WAS GETTING INTO THAT CAB, WHEN...

I DON'T SEE ANY CAB! IT COULDN'T HAVE LEFT THIS DEAD-END STREET WITHOUT MY SEEING IT!
ER... GUESS I WAS MISTAKEN!

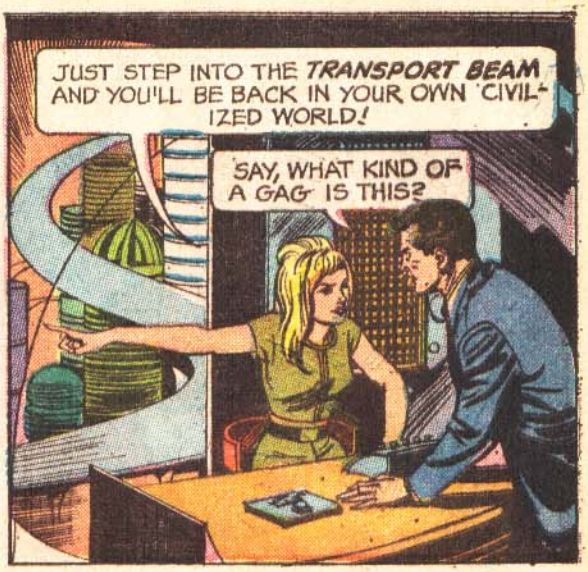

MAYBE YOU'D BETTER GO LIE DOWN, SIR!
THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE GOING ON AROUND HERE! AND I'LL BET MY SHIRT THAT BROWNSTONE MANSION IS MIXED UP IN IT!

THAT NIGHT, OUTSIDE THE MANSION...
ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE WEIRD TAXIS! THAT PASSENGER... HE SEEMS TO BE STAGGERING! I'D BETTER CHECK!

SHALLOW BREATHING... WEAK PULSE! SEEMS TO BE IN SHOCK! I'LL GET HIM TO MY OFFICE ACROSS THE STREET!
MARK SLOAN M.D.
2

POOR DEVIL IS SUFFERING FROM SOME SORT OF HEART SEIZURE! HE'S HOLDING HIS OWN RIGHT NOW, BUT IT IS SERIOUS!
NO IDENTIFICATION IN HIS WALLET! NOTHING BUT THIS METAL TAB WITH PUNCHED OUT HOLES! I'LL CHECK WITH THE PEOPLE IN THAT BROWNSTONE! THEY MUST KNOW HIM!
MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE BROWNSTONE...
LOOK HERE, MISS, I WANT TO REPORT--
PLEASE! FIRST I MUST HAVE YOUR IDENTO-TAB! I'LL CHECK IT ON THE ANALYTRON!
ACCORDING TO THE ANALYTRON, YOU'RE SER STULWAR--AND YOU'VE OVERSTAYED YOUR LEAVE BY A MONTH!
AND THOSE RIDICULOUS CLOTHES! YOU'VE VIOLATED THE RULES WHICH FORBID GOING NATIVE! THERE WILL BE PENALTIES FOR YOU WHEN YOU RETURN!
RETURN? RETURN WHERE?
3

THEN, AT THE TOUCH OF A SWITCH...
LET'S NOT BE DIFFICULT, MR. STULWAR! YOU ARE OVERDUE NOW IN YOUR TEMPORAL ZONE AND THE LONGER YOU STAY, THE HARDER IT WILL GO FOR YOU!
CLICK


JUST STEP INTO THE TRANSPORT BEAM AND YOU'LL BE BACK IN YOUR OWN 'CIVILIZED WORLD!
SAY, WHAT KIND OF A GAG IS THIS?

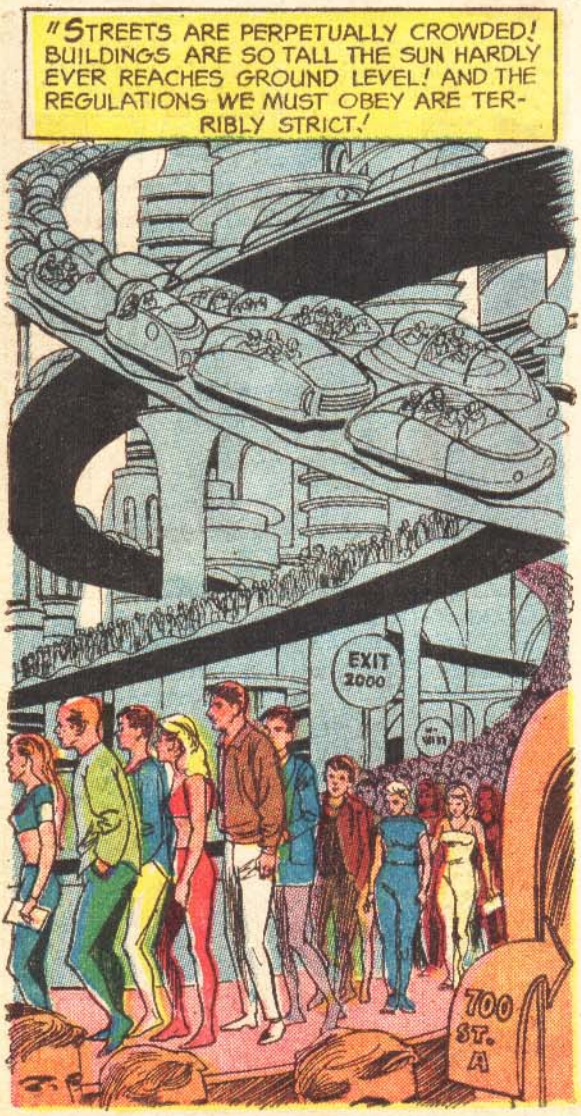
YOU DON'T REALLY EXPECT ME TO--
STULWAR! MUST I CALL THE TIME POLICE?

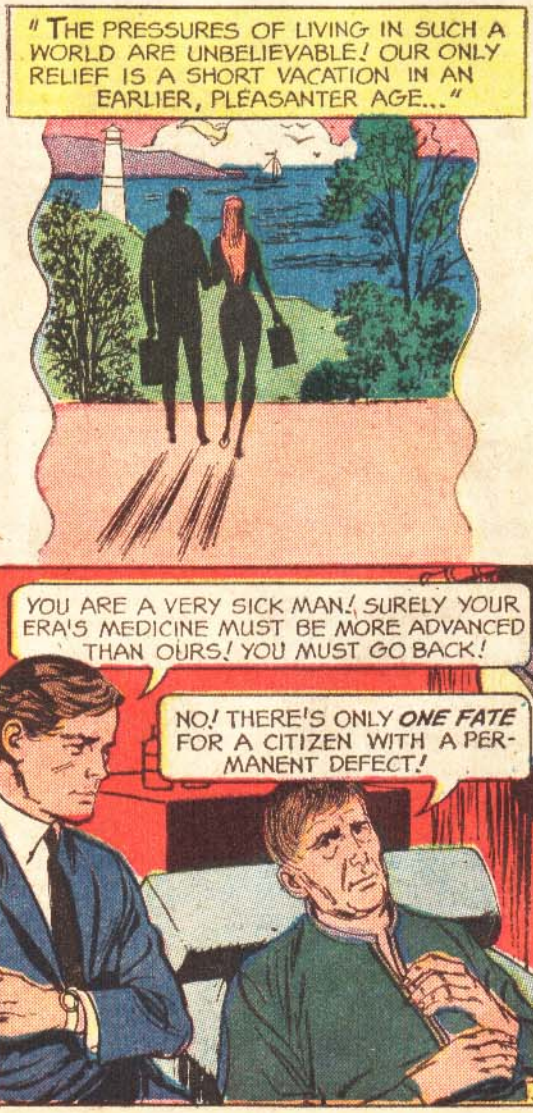
I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND! GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!
YOU CAN'T DO THIS! YOU MUST OBEY THE RULES!

SOON, BACK IN THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE...
STULWAR!..YOU'RE AWAKE!
AH! THE MAN WHO HELPED ME! SINCE YOU KNOW MY NAME, YOU PROBABLY KNOW MUCH MORE! I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!
4

I AM FROM THE FUTURE! OUR SCIENTISTS HAVE LONG SINCE DEVELOPED TIME TRAVEL! THAT BUILDING WHERE YOU FOUND ME IS THE TIME PORTAL TO THIS ERA!

"IN OUR DAY, THE EARTH IS SO DENSELY POPULATED THE SURFACE IS A SOLID MASS OF CONCRETE...


"STREETS ARE PERPETUALLY CROWDED! BUILDINGS ARE SO TALL THE SUN HARDLY EVER REACHES GROUND LEVEL! AND THE REGULATIONS WE MUST OBEY ARE TERRIBLY STRICT!
EXIT 2000
700 ST. A


"THE PRESSURES OF LIVING IN SUCH A WORLD ARE UNBELIEVABLE! OUR ONLY RELIEF IS A SHORT VACATION IN AN EARLIER, PLEASANTER AGE..."
YOU ARE A VERY SICK MAN! SURELY YOUR ERA'S MEDICINE MUST BE MORE ADVANCED THAN OURS! YOU MUST GO BACK!
NO! THERE'S ONLY ONE FATE FOR A CITIZEN WITH A PERMANENT DEFECT!

"IMPERFECTS ARE PUT TO 'SLEEP' IN THE REST CHAMBER, YOU SEE, AS TECHNOLOGY ADVANCED, HUMANITY BECAME OBSOLETE!"
I HOPED TO ESCAPE INTO THIS CENTURY! I WANTED TO LIVE OUT WHAT'S LEFT OF MY LIFE IN A WORLD THAT'S STILL GREEN, A WORLD THAT STILL KNOWS THE MEANING OF PITY AND COMPASSION!.
SUDDENLY...
STULWAR, I'LL HELP YOU STAY HERE!
TOO LATE! THEY'VE COME FOR ME!
CRASH!
THE ONE ON THE BED IS STULWAR! SILENCE THE OTHER ONE!
UHHHH!
AS THE DOCTOR IS ENGULFED IN A COMA...
PLEASE! DON'T TAKE ME BACK!
SOON IT WILL BE OVER, STULWAR! AFTER YOU GO THROUGH THE REST CHAMBER, YOU WILL FIND PEACE!

LONG AFTERWARD, WHEN MARK SLOAN RECOVERS CONSCIOUSNESS...
STULWAR...GONE! THEY TOOK HIM! MUST NOTIFY THE POLICE...TELL THEM ABOUT THAT BROWNSTONE MANSION...THE PORTAL!

BUT AS HE STAGGERS TO THE STREET...
THE PORTAL...THEY'RE TEARING IT DOWN! I MUST HAVE BEEN IN A COMA FOR DAYS ...WEEKS!
ON THIS SITE WILL BE ERECTED A NEW 20-STORY APARTMENT BUILDING

YES, IT'S TOO LATE, STULWAR! EVEN IF I TOLD THEM WHAT I KNEW, WHAT I SAW...WHO WOULD BELIEVE ME?
THE PORTAL IS GONE FROM REGAL LANE! MAYBE IT WILL OPEN AGAIN SOON IN ANOTHER NEIGHBORHOOD, ANOTHER CITY! BUT WHILE IT WAS HERE, IT GAVE MARK SLOAN ONE FRIGHTENING GLIMPSE OF THE TWILIGHT ZONE, BETTER KNOWN AS THE FUTURE!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code).

1. Date of filing: September 28, 1966.

2. Title of publication: THE TWILIGHT ZONE.

3. Frequency of issue: Bi-monthly.

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5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12601.

6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor and managing editor. Publisher: K. K. Publications, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, N.Y. 12601.
Editor: Marquis M. Morse, Staatsburg, N.Y.
Managing Editor: Marquis M. Morse, Staatsburg, N.Y.

7. The owner is K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, N.Y. (Western Publishing Company, Racine, Wisconsin). Stockholders at Racine, Wisconsin: H. M. Benstead Trust, Carif & Company, Arthur J. Christiansen Rev. Trust, C. W. DeWitt Rev. Trust, Firac & Co., Henry J. Haumersen, Gilbert Hoffman, Herman E. Johnson, John W. Kaiser, James B. Lyle, Paul Lyle, A. C. Naleid Rev. Trust, B. Howard Schaffer, Henry VanWingen, E. G. Voigt Estate, Ralph Voigt, W. R. Wadewitz Rev. Trust, Western Profit Sharing Trust Plan, Trust under Will of John Wiechers, Jerome C. Wiechers; Stockholders at Poughkeepsie, N.Y.: Charles Brose, Harold D. Spencer: Stockholders at New York, N.Y.: Georges Duplaix, Leslie & Co., Pocket Books, Inc., Tepe & Co.; Stockholder at St. Louis, Mo.: John M. Wolff; Stockholders at Los Angeles, California: Robert S. Callender, Sopen & Co.: Stockholder at Boston, Mass.: Lot & Co.: Stockholder at Milwaukee, Wisconsin: Band & Co.; Stockholder at Minneapolis, Minn.: Var & Co.; Stockholder at Akron, Ohio: Parcol & Co.

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	Average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months.	Single issue nearest to filing date.
A. Total No. Copies Printed	405,260	443,185
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	259,400	273,200
2. Mail Subscriptions	303	299
C. Total Paid Circulation	259,703	273,499
D. Free Distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means	576	585
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	260,279	274,084
F. Office Use, Left-over, Unaccounted, Spoiled after Printing	144,981	169,101
G. Total (Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)	405,260	443,185

I CERTIFY THAT THE STATMENTS MADE BY ME ABOVE ARE CORRECT AND COMPLETE.

H. L. ANDERSON
Business Manager

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WHICH COMICS DO YOU LIKE BEST?

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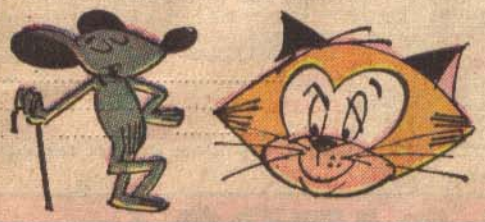
REAL ANIMALS — such as dogs and horses?

CARTOON CHARACTERS from TV?



ADVENTURE COMICS from TV such as spy stories?

WESTERN — cowboy?

PERSONALITIES — such as you see in the movies and on TV?

LOVE stories?

WAR stories?

List them in one, two, three, etc., order with your favorite at the top. Be sure to give your **name, age** and whether **girl** or **boy.** Send all letters to Comics Quiz at address below. © 1967 BY WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

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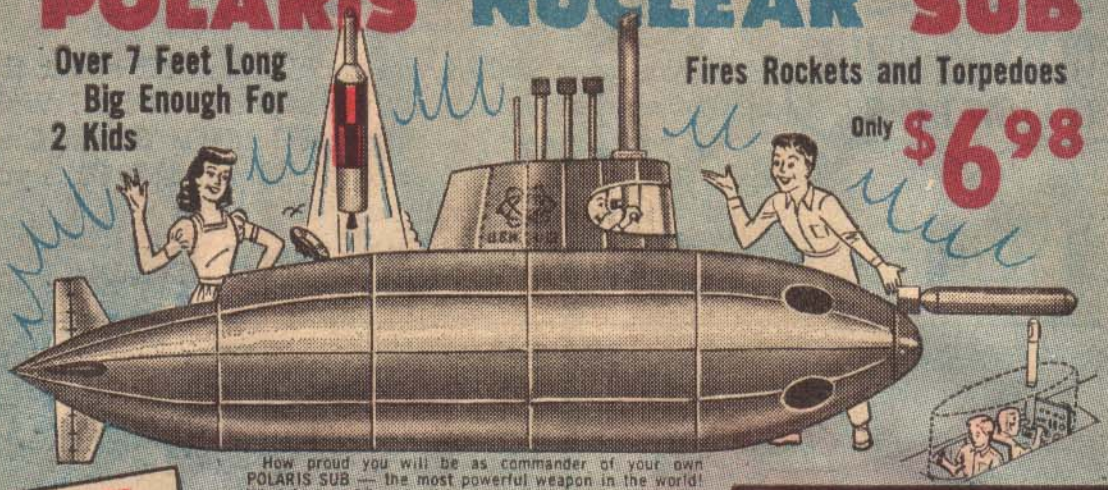

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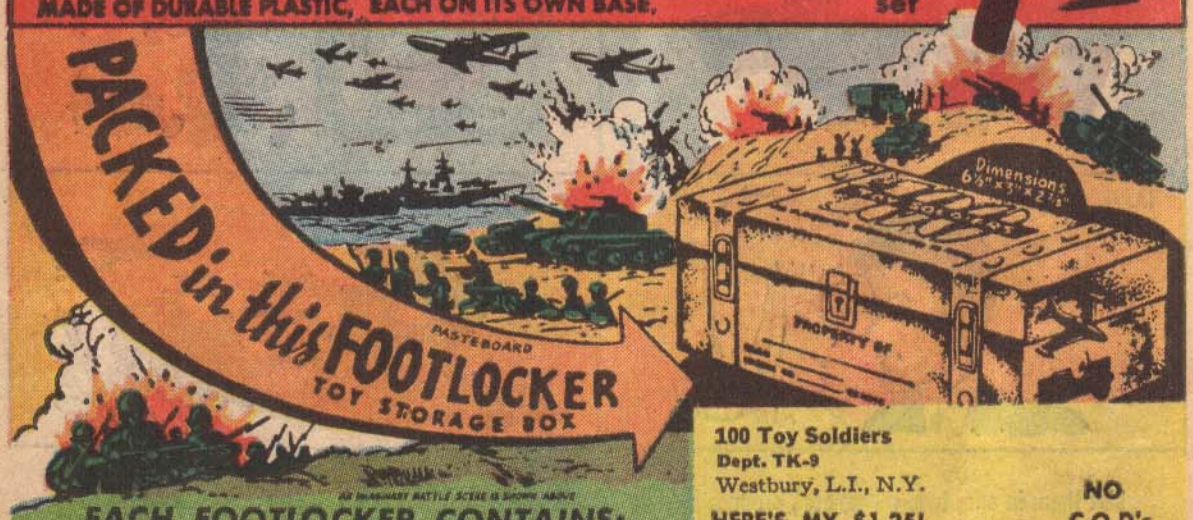

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